

# SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION.

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DAILY RECORD SERIES—VOL. XXVI.—No. 4867.

SACRAMENTO, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1882.

DAILY RECORD-UNION SERIES.  
VOLUME XVI—NUMBER 72.

HALE BROS. & CO.

## TONS OF FRESH GOODS

Are being received by the firm of

**HALE BROS. & CO.**

**2,400 PAIRS**

—OR—

## Ball's Health Corsets

RECEIVED DURING THE LAST TWO WEEKS.

They are without doubt the best CORSET in the market, as every woman can testify who has tried them.

**Every Corset Warranted Satisfactory, or Money Refunded.**

In our efforts to suit our customers, we have not aimed to have the most inferior articles, at the very lowest price; but have always made arrangements to buy our goods direct from headquarters, thereby saving the Jobbers' profit, and then using our best judgment in the selection, always remembering that the purchasing public are looking for good, substantial material, at reasonable prices.

**WE ARE SHOWING SOME VERY CHOICE GOODS AND EXCELLENT VALUES IN OUR SILK STOCK, COMPRISING EVERYTHING DESIRABLE IN THE MARKET.**

—A LINE OF—

## Colored Dress Silks!

IN EVERY KNOWN COLOR, REPRESENTING EIGHTEEN DIFFERENT SHADES.

—AT—

**\$1 25 PER YARD!**

—SUCH AS—

**CARNETS,  
BORDEAUX,  
OLIVE,  
MYRTLE,  
HUNTER'S GREEN,  
HUSSARD,  
BRIGHT NAVY,  
SAPPHIRE.**

—A HANDSOME LINE OF—

## PLAIN AND BROACED PLUSH AND VELVET!

Is among the attractions to be found.

**COUNTRY ORDERS filled promptly, and, if not satisfactory, money refunded.**

**HALE BROS. & CO.,**

829, 831, 833, 835 K street,

—AND—

**1026 NINTH STREET, SACRAMENTO**

## PACIFIC SLOPE.

**Cutting Affray at San Quentin—Powder Explosion near Victoria—Fatal Accident in El Dorado County—The Plainsburg Treaty—A Valuable Cargo—Outcome of the Beck-Anderson Shooting Affair at Eureka—A Farmer Shot and Killed—Election News—Weather—Etc.**

(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.)

## CALIFORNIA.

**The Election.**  
MARYSVILLE, November 10th.—Sutter county, complete, gives Stoneman 560, Estes 426, McDonald 183, Daggett 354, Conklin 475, Sims 145, Ross 529, Sharpe 581, Hunt 456, Dennis 583, Brunson 56, Temple 114, Thompson 58, Peeler 519, Winchester 75, Smith 57, Davies 178, January 585, Weil 527, Moore 52, March 523, Tabor 711, Gould 33, Wiley 577, Minto 528, Hill 90, McCarthy 585, Gross 527, Crownes 89, Welches 584, Waterman 532, Grant 63, Summer 390, Glascow 395, Edgerton 526, Morrison 521, Starnes 81, Yarnell 84, Henley 585, De Haven 545, Grimes 63, Carter 550, Reed 582, Andrews 75, Wadson 748, Kimball 391, Goin 18, Spillman 491, Chandler 595, Firnia 618, Hull 567.  
Martinez, November 10th.—Beck's majority over Page in this county is probably unity.

**San Andreas.** November 10th.—Beck's majority over Page in this county is 55.

**Cutting Affray Between Convicts.**

SAN RAFAEL, November 10th.—Last night cutting affray occurred between two convicts at San Quentin. The parties involved were Beck and Page, all of whom also worked in the juice factory, and it is thought they were allowed to take sacks with them to their cells to sew, getting a small amount of money per 100 sacks for sewing them. One of the Chinese was lying in his bunk, and the other was working on a sack when the sack tied to the head of the bed on which the other was lying, was thrown against it being so tied, and each stitch caused the bed to shake. The one sewing refused to comply, when the other jumped from his bed and, taking a knife, cut the other's arm, killing him in less than twenty-eight inches, and leaving him in a terrible condition, and leaving him at the prison, he cannot possibly live over a few days at the most.

**An Old Man Killed by a Fall.**

SHINGLE SPRINGS, November 10th.—G. Barrett, of French Creek, near this place, today fell from a wagon, which caused his death in a few hours, and he died a natural death. While he and his son were driving a team to a tree, he leaped over to escape a limb, and fell upon his head. Mr. Barrett was over 60 years old, and an elderly pioneer of El Dorado county. He was much esteemed by the community.

**Plainsburg Tragedy.**

MERCED, November 10th.—Charles Reynolds, accused of firing the shot that killed Walter Turner at Plainsburg on the evening of election day, was examined before Justice Lander yesterday, and held for trial for manslaughter. He gave bail in the sum of \$2,000. There are to be much bad feeling growing out of this case, and some think, necessarily, following the occurrence to have been purely accidental.

**Hotel Destroyed by Fire.**

MENDOCINO, November 10th.—The Lyman House, at Point Arena, was burned at 5 p.m. yesterday. The fire was caused by a defective pipe. The furniture was saved, but badly damaged, and \$7,000 in cash lost.

For the expense of the repair of the building, the expenses of the officers at Mendocino, who had been staying there, will be paid by the authorities.

**Confederate Bonds in the Stock Board.**

SAN FRANCISCO, November 10th.—At the Stock Board to-day sales were made of \$2,000 Confederate bonds at \$2 50 cash, and \$10,000 at \$2 50, seller ninety.

**Girl Run Over and Killed.**

SAN FRANCISCO, November 10th.—A daughter of John McShane, grocer, corner of Polson and Eighth streets, was run over by a brewery wagon to-night and instantly killed.

**China and Japan—Arrival of the Coptics.**

SAN FRANCISCO, November 10th.—The steamer Coptic arrived this morning from China and Japan, bringing the following additional news:

HONGKONG, October 17th.

The recent of Korea, in Kun, was carried October 10th to the coast of China in the province of Peiping.

Captain Long, of the British legation, has come to the rescue of the Chinese.

His position is understood to be the same as that offered to Commodore Shufeldt.

Work on the Canton-Woochow telegraph line has been suspended, owing to the suspension of the Imperial claim of Chinese interference with the Chinese laborers.

American Minister Young receives press from the Foreign Office, which states that the Chinese are preparing to visit Japan and extravagant fare.

S. M. Bryan, foreign Superintendent of the Japanese Post office, is about to return to America. Several recent set forth for his departure.

The Chinese Government has gone to such a point that no foreigner of reputation cares to continue in its service.

**SOME NOVELTIES.**

Some of the novelties of this season in English papers of Asia, on alleged authentic authority, that the Japanese and American governments have agreed to a truce.

A member of the Hawaiian royal family is expected shortly to visit Japan, and extravagant fare.

Several recent reports are in progress.

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**Opposition to Chicago Dressed Beef.**

ALBANY (N. Y.), November 10th.—T. C. Eastman, of New York, W. H. Murie, of Albany, W. H. Vanderbilt, of New York, and W. Arnold, of Chicago, have formed a company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to open a large refrigerator house at Albany.

They will open depots in every city where the other firms have agencies, and will sell beef brought from Chicago in the American Refrigerator Company cars at a price which will cover the dressed beef.

They will also create a live stock business, in the interests of the live stock business and the railroad companies.

The course of instruction is the same as the common schools, and the progress of the students is satisfactory.

**General Sherman on Military Posts.**

WASHINGTON, November 10th.—General Sherman has submitted to the Secretary of War a special report upon the subject of military posts and forts, in which he says:

"The time is now come for radical change

"in the system of military posts and

"quartermaster troops of the United States."

For 100 years we have been stepping across the continent with a skirmish line, building a post here and another there, to be abandoned next year for another line, and so on; and now we are here, and have railroads everywhere, so that the military problem is changed, and I advise the honorable Secretary of War to go to Congress with a plan which will approximate permanency instead of, as heretofore, meeting specific temporary wants by a species of appropriation, the interest of particular posts and the improvement of military posts." General Sherman recommends that the Secretary of War ask Congress for \$1,000,000 per year for five years, to be expended by him at the discretion of the chief of the Quartermaster's Department.

He also says that the military posts for the last fifty years have been a burden to the country.

**Opposition to Chicago Dressed Beef.**

ZANESVILLE (O.), November 10th.—Frank H. Fall, charged with attempting to influence Steele, one of the jurors of the star route, completed the amount of his bail this afternoon. Arthur Payne, another of the jurors, was released.

Payne, however, thinks there will be a trial for the coroner's inquest.

Attest: Attorney.

**Prisoners in Jeannette Investigated.**

WASHINGTON, November 10th.—The scene in the Courtroom in which the Jeannette's crew was rather dramatic this afternoon.

A number of lady relatives of Lieut. Melville were in attendance.

Melville's account of the sufferings of the crew was given, and the court adjourned.

It was decided to postpone the trial until the 13th.

**Fatal Train Wreck—Collision of Vessels.**

SEATTLE, November 10th.—The steamer Chehalis, coming from Snohomish, was rammed in the stern by the steamship George W. Denny, and sank, with the loss of ten men.

The schooner General Harvey was run into and sank, with the loss of all hands.

The schooner Star went straight on without offering help, or giving those on the schooner time to learn what steamer it was.

Captain Bailey, of the steamer Star, in attempting to save his boat alongside Yester's wharf at 10 o'clock to-night, fell, striking the vessel. He was so badly injured that he died an hour afterward.

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**BRITISH COLUMBIA.**

**Explosion of Powder—Victoria Industries—The Don Enrique.**

VICTORIA, November 10th.—Two men named Hodge were freighting a cargo of powder along the Victoria waterfront for a gunpowder company a few days ago when the powder exploded. The horses and wagon were blown to pieces. The men were dreadfully injured, but managed to walk some distance before they were succored. One of them has since died.

Van Valkenburg & Co. have shipped to Puget Sound 100 barrels of British Columbia corned beef. This is a new opening for the provincial products. Last week thirty head of beef cattle were exported to the same destination.

The marine driver Harmon examined the hull of the Dan H. Enrique yesterday, and succeeded in finding the leak near her keel. He has undertaken to stop it and make the vessel seaworthy without disturbing her cargo.

**Eighteen Bodies Found and Buried.**

VICTORIA, November 10th.—An arrival

## PACIFIC SLOPE.

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(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.)

## CALIFORNIA.

**The Election.**

SAN FRANCISCO, November 10th.—The complete vote of the city—154 or 155 districts finished to-night, and the result is given:

Governor Morris E. Estes, 13,631; George Stone, 24,141; T. J. McQuaid, 23; R. H. McDonald, 265.

Lieutenant Governor—Alvan D. Conklin, 15,194; John Daggett, 22,655; W. J. Sweasy, 1; William Sims, 18.

Secretary of State—Frank A. Pedlar, 16,579; John Thompson, 22,836; Robert Summers, 1; C. M. Winchster, 10.

Controller—Wm. A. Darby, 16,431; John P. Miller, 21,929; John W. Rice, 16,412; L. C. Gould, 14,456; L. B. Keating, 1; E. M. Mullin, 1.

Attorney General—Augustus L. Hart, 16,363; E. C. Thompson, 23,171; W. C. Tracy, 1; W. D. Gould, 1.

Surgeon General—William M. Williams, 16,015; H. L. Williams, 21,750; W. J. Cuthbertson, 1; E. H. Clark, Clerk of Superior Court—Frank W. Gross, 16,000; J. R. Sharpless, 21,750; J. F. O'Toole, 1; Will D. Hart.

State Auditor—John W. Beaver, 1; A. L. Harrington, 1; A. Anson Brunson, 7; Jackson Smith, 21,900; T. C. Thompson, 21,750; E. J. F. O'Toole, 1; W. D. Gould, 1.

State Collector—Mastick, 15,877; Grady, 22,705; Reddick, 1.

Treasurer—Widener, 16,484; Rees, 21,777; Reddick, 1.

## THE DAILY RECORD UNION.

## A FEW GOOD RECEIPTS.

**TOMATO SOUP.**—Always use cold water in making all soups; skim well, especially during the first hour. There is great necessity for thorough skimming, and to help the scum rise, pour in a little cold water now and then, and as the soup reaches the boiling point, skim it off. Use salt at first sparingly, and season with salt and pepper; allow one quart of soup to three or four persons. For tomato soup allow one gallon of stock made from nice fresh beef to three quarts of fresh tomatoes. Cut the tomatoes in half, cut out the hard center, put through a fine sieve, and add to the stock; make a paste of butter and flour, and when the stock begins to boil, stir in a half tea-cup of the paste, taking care not to have it lumpy; boil twenty minutes, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste. Two quarts of the canned tomatoes will answer.

**CHICKEN MAYONNAISE.**—Take as many chickens as are wanted for the bulk of your salad; boil them in bouillon until sufficiently cooked, then take them out and remove all the flesh, being careful to reject all bones and skin. Cut into sizeable cubes and put them into a deep dish; season with salt, pepper, oil and vinegar, and let them stand for two hours. Add mayonnaise. Put into a salad bowl about three times as much lettuce as you have chicken, which latter put into the center of the lettuce, covering it with Mayonnaise dressing garnished with bits of lettuce, hard-boiled eggs, olives, capers, beets, etc., cut in

symmetrical shapes.

**WOODCOCK.**—Broiling is a favorite method of cooking game, and all birds are exceedingly nice roasted. To broil: Split down the back, open and flatten the breast by covering with a cloth and pounding, season with pepper and lay the inside first upon the gridiron; turn as soon as browned, and when almost done, turn over, place on a platter, sprinkle with salt and return to the gridiron. When done, turn out on a dish, butter both sides well and serve at once. The time required is usually about twenty minutes. They require a brisker fire than poultry, but take less time to cook. Their color when done should be a fine yellowish brown. Serve on toast.

**EGG PLANT.**—Peel and cut in slices the purple kind; sprinkle with salt and pepper and let drain on a tipped plate for three-quarters of an hour; make a light batter with one egg, flour and a little water; dip the slices into it and fry in butter or lard. Eggs and cracked may be used instead of the batter. Or peel the egg plant, boil till done, add some of the water, mash fine and add pepper, salt and butter to taste; put in a shallow baking dish, cover over the top with a thick layer of mashed cracked eggs, half an hour in a moderate oven.

**POTATOES A LA DUCHESSE.**—These are now the most fashionable, and if a really good potato is capable of being improved, perhaps this is the best method. Take cold well-seasoned mashed potatoes, roll out and form into little biscuit-shaped cakes (a little flour may be used to form them, but do not mix flour with the potato); arrange cakes on a pieplate, glaze them over with beaten egg, and bake to a delicate brown.

**SOUFFLE OF DIFFERENT FRUITS.**—With fruits of a soft and juicy nature, such as peaches, apricots, plums, bananas, etc., proceed as follows: Remove the kernels and press the fruit through a sieve; put what you have thus obtained in a pan, adding one-half a pound of powdered sugar and the whites of three eggs; beat well, and add a little kirschwasser or maraschino as flavoring. Then take the whites of six or seven eggs and beat them into a stiff froth. Mix well together, put this on a dish in a well-heated oven for five or six minutes before serving. Sprinkle powdered sugar on top.

**CHAMPAGNE JELLY.**—Take two ounces of good gelatine and dissolve it in a quart of water; put this in a saucier with the juice of two lemons and three oranges, two whole eggs, two whites of eggs, a few egg-shells, a few drops of orange juice, powdered sugar; mix well and add another quart of water. Put the saucier on the fire, stirring occasionally to make clear; when it boils, put the pan on the side of the stove, and let it remain without boiling for fifteen minutes, then remove it and run the jelly twice through a flannel strainer, adding to it a pint of champagne. Pour into one or more molds and set on the ice to harden. Turn out of the molds and serve on cold plates.

## RECENT DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

On January 24th the skeleton of a woman with a child was discovered at Pompeii in the narrow street which bounds on the north Insula VII. of Regione VIII., about twelve feet above the level of the ancient pavement—that is to say, where the layers of lava end and those of ashes begin. It is well known that the catastrophe of 79 A. D. commenced with a thick cloud of smoke and pumice stones by which the streets and open squares of Pompeii were covered up like the floor of houses. Stones were succeeded by ashes, which became solid owing to the action of successive showers of boiling water, and the ashes now form the top layer of the materials which cover the ruins of Pompeii. Most of the unhappy beings who remained in the houses after the eruption first reached the town, and who found, when the shower of stones was over, that no deliverance was possible except by death, made their escape through the windows, the doors having been blocked by the stones and lava. But so far as we can judge from the excavations, the greater part of these fugitives could have taken but few steps, and must have been quickly suffocated by the poison fumes. The hot ashes and water covered their bodies in such a way as to make an exact cast; and after the flesh had shrunk away the impression made by the corse still remains as they fell struck down by death. The Senator Fiorelli conceived the happy idea of casting plaster casts of the impressions, and thus reproduced the figures to be seen in the Peacock Museum, which have been copied into most of the books that describe the antiquities of the buried city. It was not always found possible to obtain a perfect cast, because in many instances a portion of the body was resting on the stones, where of course if left no impression. Unfortunately this is the case with the two skeletons last discovered, the larger of which, though a woman, is almost entirely embedded in the layer of stones. One only has left an impression on the ashes; and with this arm she was clasping the leg of the child, the greater portion of whose body has been modeled, showing considerable contraction in the arms and legs, and a general emaciation which lead us to suppose that the child must have been very ill. It is believed that it was a little boy about ten years of age. Doubtless the woman was the mother of the child, and was having supported her weak body while he was unable to walk. Some jewels found on the female skeleton indicate a person of condition: two bracelets of gold encircled the arm which held the boy, and on the hand were two gold rings, one set with an emerald and the other with an amethyst.—[Exchange paper.]

**MARRIAGES.**—The question of mixed marriages has been occupying the serious attention of the German press for some time past. The indications are that, notwithstanding the opposition of the priesthood, that will finally be allowed. The parish priests of Bavaria have hitherto demanded from the bride and bridegroom of different religions a written promise that their children should be brought up as Catholics. The Administrative Tribunal of Munich has now decided that such conventions are illegal, inasmuch as they form part of the marriage contracts, and all contracts have to be entered into before a notary.

**ACCOMPLISHED** horsemen and veterinarians freely use St. Jacobs Oil for stock.

## HOW MRS. JONES BOUGHT A CARPET SWEEPS.

## THE LIGHT OF THE SKY.

The other day when Bridget the valiant was engaged, Mrs. Jones answered the door herself, and found a glib, silver-tongued agent had taken possession of her steps, and was checking something in a memorandum-book when she answered his frosty ring.

"It's mammum, miss," he asked with a pensie smile.

Mrs. Jones was rather taken aback. She was so accustomed on such occasions to the stereotyped question, "Is the lady of the house at home?" that she hardly knew what to say.

"I see she is not," continued the stranger, with a look of keen disappointment overclouding his face. "I had wished to refer in regard to a cosmetic I sell. You with your fresh, youthful complexion would hardly need it."

"You can't sell anything here," said Mrs. Jones, regarding herself; "we never buy from you."

"No? Well, I'm sorry, for consumption has marked me for its own," said the man, with a melancholy cough. "Are you nearly out of Bibles? I'm trying to do a little good in the world before I leave it by selling the best and cheapest revision of the sacred!"

"No! I don't want any Bibles," snapped Mrs. J., "and I'll be obliged to you if you'll take my things off the steps so I can close the door."

"Yes. Certainly, Miss—youth and beauty; and yet there is a sad, dreamy look that tells of biloousness; now these liver pills..."

"Will you go?" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, as she tried to get the door closed. "Oh, if I only had the broom!"

"Broom! broom!" cried the stranger, with a dramatic gesture; "who says broom? Not this young and lovely being in the heart of a great city? Broom, my dear young lady, belong to the dark ages! You never should wish so common an implement. I will sell you a broom, and even then the wretched dust of ages without fatigue or discomfort to yourself—a patent-hinged, self-guiding, nicker-plated, premium-medal carpet sweeper. Lovely creature, don't disfigure those graceful hands with a broom, when for a few patry dollars you can buy a carpet sweeper!"

"I couldn't help it, Jephtha," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, when her husband fell over the new carpet sweeper and landed the basement among the ruins. "I didn't want it myself, but I wanted two tails, but you ought to have had the creature talk! I believe I've bought a camelopard if he'd had one for sale and asked me to; he just talked into me it."

But she never told Jones what he said.—[Detroit Post.]

## A SERIOUS JAR.

If Jim is the same as Jim, And G sounds the same as J, Then between a Gen, and Jim, and Jim, What is the difference, pray?

We read about Gen Jars, Jars for holding Jam, Jars, are they the same as Jam jars? (Be calm, my mind, be calm.) Jim is a jaded way Of saying delirium trem.; And the jars of the blues, Why, nothing can calm them.

So, when you're a gen, Don't discussation should wax hot, And call the Jam Jar, instead, The James Preserving Pot.

But if folks are opposed to this, As many doables are, Then let the jars have a name in full, As the Jim Jen Gen Jam Jar.

IN THE DOMAN COUNTRY.

The Breton men look like overgrown boys with their short waistcoats and short jackets, ornamented with numerous rows of pearl buttons. The cloth trousers are full and the universal sabot shoes are pointed and the costume at the straw hat, on which it is indispensable to wear black velvet trimming, with two long black velvet tails hanging behind. Leather boots are kept for Sundays and fetes, and the smartness on these occasions appear to run mostly into the waistcoat, the colored braiding on which is almost eastern in its gorgeness. The skirts of the women's dresses are gathered into a broad band at the waist, a kerchief or shawl being worn over the shoulders. The hair is plated into a bun, but which is enabled to stand, and the main bun has two long lappets, or ears, which are folded back on the head, forming large loops. As for the peasants themselves, the majority of whom farm their own small domains, they bear a tail-worm stamp very markedly, especially the women. The bare-legged women and girls seem to take their share, or rather more than their share, in the hardest field labor, and their lot is very far from easy; but the strength of an eagle eye would like to see. Many farmers in the country life remind one of Ireland, but the inhabitants of the French peasant to put by frances seems to carry them bravely through the sternest circumstances. Still, with all their moulting, they must be very poor. The houses in the out-of-the-way villages are little better than hovels, in which the cows frequently get the lion's share of the accommodation, with floors of beaten earth, and old open hearths, picturesque, perhaps, but very unsafe. The article of furniture in which luxury is displayed is the ornamental woodwork, reaching from floor to ceiling, with the bed five feet from the floor, enclosed by curtains or sliding shutters. As the family grows richer a substantial wardrobe cupboard is added to match the bed.—[London Society.]

## NO KEY-NOTE.

A venerable colored man invested in a watermelon at the Central Market, and was walking off to find a retired spot in an arbor when a brother of color hailed him.

"See here, Uncle Joe!"

"Ize in a hurry," replied the melon-man.

"But we boaf wote de same ticket, you know?"

"Yes, I know, but watermellyons and pickles run dog-trotter."

"I belong to your church, too."

"Dat may all be, but dis a no general love-feast."

"Say, uncle," continued the other, as he turned around, "you can't strike de key-note, no way you can fix—it not on dis watermellyon!" If you'll see me later—

—I'll see you when Ia' lin'g in' home,

a mukkuk wid on si' can—dat's am-

shin' werry chock a' mukkuk and you'll

be on the groun' of your old wife havin' de whoopin'ough an' ole wife han'vin' de measles at de same time, we'll set down

an' devour de bizness in company. Go back, sah—go right back!"—[Detroit Free Press.]

## \*

"Are you not pretty much out of society since you have taken to acting?" was the somewhat impertinent inquiry of an interviewer, addressed to Mrs. Langtry. But the lady was equal to the occasion. "One doesn't have much time for society," she doesn't have time for society," she said, "when one is always hard at work."

The newest of the many European canal projects is one for uniting Cologne with Antwerp. A Dutch engineer is the author of it, and is said to have already secured from the Cologne Chamber of Commerce a promise of warm support. He has petitioned the German Government for financial assistance.

WOULD not be without Redding's Russia Salvo, is the verdict of all who use it. Price, 25 cents.

## THE LIGHT OF THE SKY.

Captain Abeyre lately read a paper before the British Association on the light of the sky at high altitudes, based upon observations made in the Alps on the Riffel, at a height of 8,500 feet. His investigations proved that in high altitudes the light of the sky diminishes very much, so as to make a photograph difficult, so that it is only a bath or a twelfth of that which is found on the surface of the earth. There was a remarkable absence of the blue band spectrum. On the Riffel he only saw t

one, and that was during a shower. The solar spectrum was the same on the Riffel as at all events, in the form in which it exists below. In the red part of the spectrum he found that the benzene and alcohol which had been found to exist in the atmosphere actually increased in strength in the higher regions, and he could only suppose that benzene and alcohol are not terrestrial forms, but come to us from space. Dr. Glaisher said he had never failed up to five miles in getting a deposition of vapor, and there was no part of the earth's atmosphere probably in which there was no aqueous vapor. At a height of seven miles in a balloon he had seen cirrus clouds still higher, and there was a great difference between the state of the atmosphere at the red end and on a mountain side.

Professor S. L. Pennington, of Albany, Pa., in a paper on the distribution of energy in the solar spectrum, stated that he had investigated in the infra-red spectrum at a height of 13,000 feet in a very dry region, and found that it extends very much farther than had been mapped heretofore.

The wave lengths of the visible parts of the spectrum are the same at all altitudes, and at all events, in the form in which it exists below.

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At the red end of the spectrum he found that the benzene and alcohol which had been found to exist in the atmosphere actually increased in strength in the higher regions, and he could only suppose that benzene and alcohol are not terrestrial forms, but come to us from space. Dr. Glaisher said he had never failed up to five miles in getting a deposition of vapor, and there was no part of the earth's atmosphere probably in which there was no aqueous vapor. At a height of seven miles in a balloon he had seen cirrus clouds still higher, and there was a great difference between the state of the atmosphere at the red end and on a mountain side.

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**THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.**

**WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?**

I love, and her some cause to love, the Earth: She is my Maker's creature, therefore I love; she is my mortal nurse, she gives me food; but what's a creature? Lord, comparest with Thee? Or what's a mother? my heart tells me? I love the Air; her dews sweet refresh My drooping spirit, and no sweets meete me. Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh. And when their polyphonian notes delight me, But what's the Air, or all the sweets that she Can bless my soul withal, compared with Thee? I love the Sea: she is my fellow-creature, My careful purveyor—she provides me store; She was not round, nor makes my diet greater, She is the Ocean, when compared with Thee. But what's the Ocean, all the sweets that she Can bless my soul withal, compared with Thee? To Heaven's high city I direct my journey, Whose spangled suburbs entice me every way— Many a fair bower, and no sweets meete me. Transcends the crystal pavilion of the sky. But what is Heaven great God, compared with Thee? Then—Without Thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.—[Francis Quarles (1635)]

**FRAUERSTEIN'S PLANE-TREE.**

(Right Head, Sir Francis Head, P. C., K. G. H., and Knight of the Prussian military Order of Merit, born at Hermitage, near Rochester, 1st January, 1793; died at Croydon, 20th July, 1875. He served in the Royal Engineers, and became a general under the Prussian General Ziethen at Fleurus. In 1825 he took charge of an association for working the iron-silica veins in the Plata. A ride of six thousand miles upriver to the Plata.

"Rough Notes of a Journey Across the Pampas" (1836). He was next appointed Assistant Commissioner of the Royal Engineers in Upper Canada, where he suppressed an internal rebellion, and repelled an invasion of "sympathizers" from the United States. An important series of books on other countries of South America was created a Baronet in 1838; and in 1867 he was made a Privy-Councillor. His chief works are: "Bubbles from the Brain of Nature" (which we quote) "Life of Bruce," "The Emigrant" "A Fugitive of French Sulks," "A Fortnight in Brazil," "Stokers and Cutters" "The Royal Engineer," "Notes of His Travels in the Upper Canada," etc. He was awarded £100 a year in recognition of his services to literature.)

What more than its castle attracted my attention in the village of "Frauerstein," the limbs of which had originally been trained most horizontally, until, unable to support their own weight, they were now maintained by a scaffolding of stout props. Under the parental shadow of this venerable tree the children of the village were sitting in every sort of group and attitude; one or two of their mothers, in loose, easy dishabille, were spinning; many people were leaning against the upright scaffolding; and a couple of asses were enjoying the cool shade of the beautiful foliage, while their drivers were getting hot and tipsy in a wine-shop, the usual sign of which is the German bread or bun fixed on the door-post.

As I had often heard of the old tree of Frauerstein, before which I now stood, I resolved not to quit it until I had informed myself of its history, for which I well knew I had only to apply to the proper authorities; for in Germany, in every little village there exists a huge volume, either deposited in the church, or in charge of an officer called the Schultheiss, in which the history of every castle, town, or object of importance in case of emergency was to be found. Peasant reads it with enthusiasm; delighful peasant! and to any traveler searching for antiquarian lore, its venerable pages are most liberally opened, and the simple information they contain generously and gratuitously bestowed.

On inquiring for the history of this beautiful tree, I was introduced to a sort of doomsday-book about as large as a church Bible; and when I compared this volume with a little secluded spot so totally unknown to the world, the village or glen Frauerstein, was surprised to find that the autobiography of the late King of Prussia bulked—in short, that it had so much to say of itself. But it is the common weakness of man, and particularly, I must acknowledge, of an old man, to fancy that all his thoughts, as well as actions, are of vast importance to the world; why, therefore, should not the humble Frauerstein be pardoned for an offense which we are all in the habit of committing?

In this ancient volume the rigmarole history of the tree was told with such exacting German minuteness, it displayed much a graphic description of high-brow sentiment and homely life, and altogether it formed so curious a specimen of the contents of these strange sentimental village histories, that I venture to submit the following literal translation, in which the German idiom is faithfully preserved at the expense of our English phraseology.

The old Count Kuno seized with a trembling hand the pilgrim's staff, he wished to seek peace for his soul, for long suspense consumed his life. Years ago he had banished from his presence his blooming son, because he loved a maiden of ignoble race. The son, marrying her, secretly withdrew. For some time the Count remained in his castle in good spirits—looked cheerfully down the valley—heard the stream rush under his windows—thought little of perishable life. His tender wife watched over him, and her lovely daughter was his shining life—but he who lives in too much security is minded in the end by the hand of God, and when it comes from him what is most beloved it warns him that here is not our place of abode.

The "hausfrau" (wife) died, and the Count buried the companion of his days: his daughter was solicited by the most noble of the land, and because he wished to ingraft this last shoot on a noble stem, he allowed her to depart, and then, solitary and alone, he remained in his fortress. So stands desolate, upon the summit of the mountain, the lone tree—top, an oak!—mois is its last garment—the storm sports with its last few dry leaves.

A gay circle no longer fills the vaulted chambers of the castle—no longer through them does the cheerful goblet's "clang" resound. The Court's night footsteps echo back to him, and by the glimmer of the chandeliers the accoutered images of his ancestors appear to writh and move on the wall as if they wished to speak to him. His armor, sullying by the web of the vulture spider, he could not look at without sorrow and pain. It's genus, breaking against the wall made of gold!

"Where art thou?" he mournfully exclaimed; "thou who art banished? O, my son, wilt thou think of thy father, as he of thee thinks—or—" art thou dead? And is that thy flitting spirit which rustles in my armor, and so feebly moves it? Did I but know where to find thee, willingly to the world's end would I in repented wandering journey—so heavily it oppresses me what I have done to thee! I can no longer remain—forth will go to the foot of Mount Ararat, in order, before the image of Christ, in the Garden of Olives, to expiate my sins!"

So spoke the aged man—enveloped his trembling limbs in the garb of repentance—took the cockle-hat—and seized with the right hand (that formerly was accustomed to the heavy war-sword) the long pilgrim's staff. Quietly he stole out of the castle, the steep path descending, while the porter looked after him astounded, without demanding "Whither?"

For many days the old man's feet bore him hither and thither, he wandered through the village, in the middle of which opposite to a ruined castle, there stands a very ancient plane tree. Five arms, each resembling a stem, bend towards the earth, and almost touch it. The old men of former times were sitting underneath it, in the still evening, just as the Count went by; he was greeted by them, and invited to repose. As he seated himself by their side, "You have a beautiful plane-tree, neighbors," he said.

"Yes," replied the oldest of the men, pleased with the praise bestowed by the pilgrim on the tree; "it was nevertheless PLANTED IN BLOOD!"

"How is that?" said the Count.

"That will I also relate," said the old man. "Many years ago there came a young man here in knightly garb, who had a young woman with him, beautiful and delicate, but, apparently from their long journey, worn out. Pale were her cheeks, and her head, covered with beautiful golden

locks, hung upon her conductor's shoulder. Timidly he looked round—for, from some reason, he appeared to fear all men; in consequence of his terrible countenance, he wished to conduct her to some secure hut, where her tender feet might repose. There under that ivy-grown tower, stands a lonely house belonging to the lord of the castle—thither staggered the unhappy man with his dear burden, but scarcely had he entered the dwelling than he was seized by the Prince, with whose niece he was clandestinely eloping.

It was the noble youth brought bound, and where this plane-tree now spreads its roots flowed his young blood! The maiden went into a convent; but before she died, "Dearly," continued he, "does not labor well reward itself, when one can receive and return a wanderer?" Bring us a glass of your home-brewed wine—I do not know why I am so gay to-day, and why I do not experience the slightest fatigue."

"God's will be done!" exclaimed suddenly the old Count, and departed.

"That's an odd man!" said the most venerable of the peasants, eying the stranger who was hastening away; "I must say he is a prude; he has surely oppressed his soul, for he speaks not a word to me!"

They sat down opposite to each other in a room half-dark—the children sat upon their father's knees.

"I hate to see something, father, as much as you," said the boy.

"That would be to-day," replied the father, "for we have a guest here, but what does my master's do there? have you been again playing with it? Carry it away into the corner."

"You have said," said the pilgrim, "a young knight who knows already how to kill bears—also you are, I hear, a bold huntsman in this valley; therefore you have something of the spirit of a knight in you."

"Yes," said the vine-laborer; "old love must, after all, do the love of arms; so often as I look upon that bear, I wish it were there for some use, for instance—but, aged sir, we will not think of the past. Wine bring to the reverend!"

At this minute the hausfrau entered placed a jug and goblets on the table, and said—

"May it refresh and do thee good!"

"That it does already," said the pilgrim, "presented by so fair a hand, and with such a friendly countenance!"

The hausfrau poured out, and the good man drank, striking their glasses with a good sound. The wine rippled here and there over clear bright stones harmonized with his deep devotion. Here the Count found a boy and a girl, who, having picked flowers, were watching them carried away as they threw them into the current.

When these children saw the pilgrim's reverent attire, they arose—looked up—seized the old man's hand, and kissed it. "God bless thee, children!" said the pilgrim, whom the boy upon the burning rocks—also! ever since the break of day; our mother often takes food to him!"

"Is that your father?" said the Count, "with the heavy pickax? who is tearing up the ground? who is carrying stones? who makes one talkative, and then reflects upon it with silent pride?" and to any traveler searching for antiquarian lore, its venerable pages are most liberally opened, and the simple information they contain generously and gratuitously bestowed.

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**HOW TO SWIM.**

A writer in *Knowledge* gives these directions: The swimmer is supposed to be simply balancing himself in the water when he prepares to try the movements now to be described. Placing the hands together close to the breast, with the wrists touching the collar bone, and holding the hands downward and in horizontal plane with the closed fingers, the swimmer launches his arms forward to their full reach in front of him, still keeping his hands together. While he is doing this he kicks his legs out backward to their full extent, and so as to sweep the feet as far apart as possible. Of these movements only the latter is propulsive. The former merely brings the arms to the right position for their backward stroke.

But though the legs and feet being kicked backward produce a propulsive effect, especially if the feet are well planted, as it were, against the water during their backward sweep, yet it is not in this motion that the legs do the most effective part of their propulsive work. The arms are now to be carried backward with a powerful sweep, the hands being held in a slightly cup-shaped form and the strokes being taken with just so much downward movement, and no more, as is necessary to counteract the tendency of the head to sink when the support of the water is removed. While the hands are thus brought together, the legs straighten backward, and then drawing them up under them for the next stroke. This drawing up of the legs undoubtedly causes much trouble to the untrained swimmer, but the legs must only be begun when the legs have been forcibly brought together, both perfectly rigid till they are bent back.

The closing movement of the legs is completed while the arms are doing their backward stroke. The legs are then drawn up under the stomach, the feet being bent back as we stand on tiptoe, while the hands are brought to their first position by passing from the hips to the chest, the palm and fingers as it were gliding over the body. Then the movements described are repeated. The arms are thrust forward as before; the legs are kicked out; then, while the hands are held together, the arms take their propulsive stroke backward to the hips. Then the movements are repeated, and so on, till the swimmer is tired, and thinks it well to change his stroke.

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## AGRICULTURAL

MATTER PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR THE "RECORD-UNION."

Distance of Fruit Trees Apart—The Autumn Spring—A Boom in Hop Culture—Etc.

In our remarks upon the subject of planting out fruit orchards we have heretofore omitted any reference to the important subject of the distance apart that they should be planted. It is evident that some kinds of trees may be planted much nearer than others. It is also evident that the soil may be an important factor in deciding the distance apart trees should be planted. Another consideration may be the system adopted and carried out as to pruning the trees. As to the kind of trees, apple trees should be planted further apart than pear trees, for the reason that apple trees grow larger than pear trees, and for the further reason that the habit of the apple is to spread much more than the pear tree. The roots of apple trees also run farther, and extract more moisture from the soil than pear trees do, and require more nourishment. For these reasons they should be planted further apart. Both pear and apple trees should be planted further apart than peach trees, for the reason that they are longer-lived trees and grow to be larger than does the peach. As to the apricot and nectarine their habits of growth are similar to those of the peach, and the rule that applies to the former may also be properly applied to the latter. The question of soil is a complicated one as to the distance apart that trees should be planted. If on a deep, rich soil, it is evident that trees of all kinds will tend to grow longer than on a shallow, poor soil. And it is also evident that there is greater fertility in a small space on such rich soil than in a larger space on such poor soil. The one fact, therefore, should seem to be a reason why trees should be planted further apart, so that their spreading and luxuriant-growing branches should not intertwine and shade each other, and the fruit they bear. The same fact, however, makes of the soil, would seem on the other hand, to be a reason why they might be planted nearer together, for the reason that there is fertility sufficient in the soil to support in a luxuriant state any number of trees to a given space. On the other hand, if the soil is poor soil, trees will remain comparatively small, and it would seem, therefore, that they might without injury be planted nearer together. There is, however, another and contrasting reason in this question, to wit: if the trees shall be planted too near, it will not give to trees sufficient nourishment if they are to grow near together. We were reminded of this when we saw a crop of 1883 will not be only one of the largest, but the largest ever produced in the State.

### A Boom in Hop Culture.

It is very natural, considering the price of hops this season, and the financial success that has come to those engaged in the business, that there should be something of a boom in their cultivation for a year or two at least in this State. We have noticed in this vicinity that an unusual number of hop poles are being cut and prepared for use next season. A number of farms containing good hop lands and willow thickets have also changed hands lately about here at a very satisfactory price to the sellers, and we suppose also to the buyers. These preparations, we think, are mostly being made by those who have been in the business, and who are extending their operations, though there are some new beginners to be noted among the proposed hop-raisers for next year. These good farms, we believe, that will bring a good price for at least two years to come, they may last much longer. It will be impossible, so those who are in the business say, to overstock the markets with hops short of two very good crops, and it is improbable that the markets will be overstocked with them after the first year. At the present prices one acre may be needed to pay the full cost of the land above stated.

Certainly no other culture offers so good a prospect in this or any other State. With these facts well known it is not surprising that there should be a great demand of a boom in the hop business. The greatest boom is that the hop has not exhibited itself more fully than it has. There is no doubt about obtaining plenty of good roots and plenty of good land to set them out on, and there is plenty of capital that might be available for the investment in the hop business in this vicinity. There is also plenty of labor at cheap rates seeking such employment as an increase in the hop business would bring. We see no reason, therefore, why this is not a good time for a hop boom about Sacramento.

### Began a Vegetable Garden.

Every farmer and every housekeeper who has a spot of land large enough should embrace this favorable weather to make a beginning for a vegetable garden. Lettuce, onions, carrots, beans, pumpkins, turnips, and radishes may all be planted now with a certainty that they will grow well and produce a good variety of fresh home-raised vegetables for the table. Why, then, not plant them?

### A GREEN VILLAGE CHURCH.

On Sunday, almost before daylight, the bells began to ring for morning service, and the peasants, who are early risers, were soon flocking into the little church. Not only the villagers came, but the people from surrounding farms; and from my window I saw the priest, who had come from a distance, dismounting from his horse and answering the salutations of his parishioners, who perhaps had the more regard for him because he did not live among them, but came only once in a fortnight to conduct services. It had been told that there was to be a second Liturgy said at 10 o'clock, while they were young.

I waited till that hour, when we walked down together. On entering the church we found there a goodly number of peasants who had not been able to get to the early mass.

As is the custom in the Greek church, the congregation remained standing during the entire service, the men on the right and the women on the left. They were very devout in manner, looking toward the picture of the Virgin Mary, and all bowed to her as they addressed their prayers in a low tone, the only motion being the frequent sign of the cross.

Several mothers were there, holding their children in their arms, with small children clinging to their skirts. The little ones crossed themselves with their tiny fingers in imitation of their elders. Sometimes a person coming would step forward, put down a small coin and light a little taper, which would put into the candlestick, saying a prayer for the soul of a dead friend, or would kiss the picture of the Virgin. The priest, who officiated at the altar, had exchanged his usual black robe for a gay-colored vest, so that the sun could not hit it, and his hair, always concealed under his high cap, except in church, hung down in heavy black curls over his shoulders. He went through the prayers in a loud, nasal chant, and read the Gospels in the same tone with great speed, assisted in his duties by a peasant lad, whom he had trained, and who was probably destined to be a priest. Sometimes the priest would stop to speak to the people, and the peasants would listen with great interest to what he said.

The art of printing was first practiced in Italy in 1465, in France in 1469, in England in 1474, in Spain in 1475. In 1500 there were only about two hundred printing offices in all Europe—scarcely more than are now found in one of our larger cities.

It is not necessary in this article to speak of the manufacture of type, of the art of stereotyping and other things of recent date to the printer; but a few words may properly be said about the power used in printing. The first and earliest impressions were taken, as by the Chinese, with light pressure of the hand or brush, and this thin paper on which their prints were made, was often torn, and had to be pasted again. Then impressions were made by laying the paper on a tympan of hard wood used for leveling the type before printing, and striking it with the mallet, as for slips are now often taken.

This was handsomely bound in silver and gold, set with colored stones, and was a family relic; so also was the sacred picture, worn and effaced, as it faded from Byzantine days. The Greeks often have these valuable religious pictures hanging on the wall, at the head of the bed, and a devout soul keeps a lighted taper burning day and night before them. As we came out of church, the people all crowded about Mr. C. X., who shook hands with each one, and in many cases after all their concerns. The peasants were very thrifty; and what especially struck me was the entire ease and dignity of their bearing; there was no apparent shyness, and their greeting to us, the strangers, was most cordial and frank, each putting out his hand to shake ours.—[E. W. Felton in November Atlantic.]

Mr. Booth, wife and active conductor of the General of the Salvation Army, is the daughter of an English lady of rank, who was brought from friends and home because she chose to marry a Methodist preacher instead of a man of wealth and position, who was a factor for her hand.

The punishment of certain crimes in China it is provided that the culprit shall be bent over a growing bamboo. The result is said to be a gradual impalement, since the plant grows at the rate of from two to four feet in a day, and the young sot cannot be turned aside.

The Autumn-spring a Reality.

When our first rains came this fall we suggested the probability that we should have one of those warm, growing autumns which have once or twice before occurred in this State since 1849. Our suggestion has been realized to a degree we did not dare to anticipate. While the rains coming so early did considerable damage to wheat in the stack and sack, and injured a considerable quantity of hay in most all parts of the State, the fine, warm, damp, growing weather since has to a great extent repaired the damages, and perhaps more than repaired them.

It is now the 10th day of November, and the new grain sown on summer-fallowed land is as large and covers the soil as well as it generally does in March and April. Feed is luxuriant everywhere, and, except milch cows and working teams, no stock has required to be fed hay or grain in any of the valley or foothill portions of the State. The rains so far have nearly all been in the nature of spring showers rather than winter

### THE ART PRESERVATIVE AND ITS HISTORY

It is difficult to say at what period of the world's history people did not have ideas upon this subject, which were the germs of what was to come in after ages. The impression of the hand or foot, or of some other object, made in soft mud or clay and then hardened by time or baked by the heat of the sun, must have suggested a simple and intelligent mode of conveying an idea, before the invention of any kind of writing. Accordingly these and other signs are found to compose the chief characters of the earliest writings of which we have any knowledge, and which are called symbolic.

We find certain evidence that more than 2,000 years before our era a method of multiplying impressions, or, in other words, printing existed; and if we come down to the time of the great city of Babylon, which owed its chief greatness to Nebuchadnezzar, who died 561 years before Christ, we see the brick with which every important structure was composed the name of that wicked king is stamped thereon; and the stamping must have been raised characters of the process of producing an impression. The ruins of Babylon at this day consist mainly of three mounds. 1. Babyl, probably the temple of Belos, 2. Ksar, or palace of Nebuchadnezzar. This is an irregular square, about 700 yards each way, surrounded with the remains of a square structure, the walls of which are composed of burnt brick of a pale yellow color, of excellent quality, bound together with lime cement and stamped with the name of Nebuchadnezzar. 3. A mound now called Auran, of irregular triangular shape, and supposed to be the ruins of a large building.

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## FREETHAND NOTES.

### THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY OLD MASTERS.

**Magdalen's—The Skill of the Past—**  
Expression in Painting—Dance  
of the Loves

(Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.)

SAN FRANCISCO, November 9, 1882.

Are these "Old Masters"? Yes, I am afraid they are, inasmuch as they are of a spotted reddish brown tint wherever they are not the neutral tinted green of a promising bruise, and that an intemperate need of wardrobe is among the first impressions gleaned by the entering stranger. The Nahl collection, however, repays long study even by a wandering ignoramus in search of nothing better or more technically elevated than the picturesqueness as he, the wanderer, understands it. There is a capital catalogue of the collection, which gains a spicce of naivete from the fact that it has apparently been translated from the German by a German who has partially mastered English, as the expressions "in the distance a Satyr plays the Pan's flute," and "Holy Catherine," where we should say Saint Catherine, seem to prove. "Masterly painted" is another thoroughly German phrase. Tintoretto's "Ecco Homo" is the picture so described. It gives one a feeling of recalcitrant skepticism to read the very great names so profusely scattered through the catalogue; the names we have believed in and revered, the more perhaps because we had never seen the works that consecrated them.

### THE NEXT FEELING

Is a cautious admission to oneself that if the pictures in the Nahl collection are not genuine old masters, they at least possess very strong attractions of their own, and last—this is after one goes home—the feeling is strong in favor of their being really all that is claimed for them. The old fellows had an odd way of putting a great deal more meaning into their pictures than they seem at all willing to account for by the names they give them. Anton Rafael Mengs has painted a woman lowering with rebellion and discontent enough for a captive Zenobia or a jealous Cleopatra, and has tranquilly provided her with palette and brushes, dubbed her "The Artist," and hung her up on the wall to savor, even though she is painted out of sight, like the gentleman's valet which perhaps is the best part of every picture. Rafael Mengs is represented again by a pentent Magdalene, a pudgy, cross little school-girl whimpering over a difficult lesson apparently. There are two or three Magdalens in the gallery, one—Antonio Badile's, marked "Very Old"—shows something of the real abandoon of grief. The canvas is as dark as if it had been smoked, indeed, like Hogarth's sketch of "FATHER TIME."

And his mechaems—so dark that the alleged crucifix, Bible and skull are all but invisible. The fine outline of Magdalene's head and the locks of her falling hair keep the eye, however. Another Magdalene, by Rubens, is on the opposite wall, and seems like a parody on Hawthorne's well-taken point in the "Marble Faun" about the absolute necessity of giving redened eyelids and bloodshot eyes to keep the face if the artist is bent upon showing it in gris. But Rubens never read "The Marble Faun," poor Peter Paul, and his ideal of a repentant sinner is of a very battered young Amazon indeed. Some French poet speaks of a "red ideal." This Magdalene must embody it; she is certainly a most lurid female; but she is a woman, which is something for a painter to succeed in showing, for most of these figures are like portraits of bronzes, and highly serene, composed bronzes, and highly serene, composed bronzes, and the like, and the one the one looking on say, "It hurts!" She appears in fact like a Biddy who has received one furious blow from her unpleasant master and confidently expects another. Her hair is beautiful—to complete the Irish whole—the soft, brown, luxuriant fleece that almost calls the hand upon it. Leigh Hunt said there was a love in fair, which was rather good—for Leigh Hunt.

### "THE DEATH OF MAGDALEN"

Is a small picture copied by J. Wilhelm Nahl—the owner of the collection until 1880—from an original by Carlo Cignani, a seventeenth century Italian. The lady is rolled in gauze, and is rolling apparently on a stone ledge just at the mouth of the cave where she is poor and happens to have spent her days of penitence. A faint of little cherub heads, neatly cravated with their wings, swarm about her, and the pink flush with which J. Wilhelm Nahl is so liberal, both in his copies and originals, pervades the picture; and yet Magdalene is a pretty woman. With all their resources and gifts and materials why did not the old masters produce something better worth looking at? It seems as if they suggest a possibility which yet they never realized. The picture in the gallery is a Correggio, "Venus and Cupid," the Venus with the most delicate look in her eyes that could possibly be put there by brush of flesh and blood: a "Bathing Nymph," by Giorgione, unneccarily labeled "Larger than Life," quite the hugest of young women—a Titan nymph before whom even the very stoutest San Franciscan must appear fragile; "Lucretia and Tarquin," also by Giorgione, in which by far the most delightful thing is the wretchedly hidden darky hiding behind the curtains. Lucretia is a marvel of stupid calmness, and Tarquin seems in a fit of absent-mindedness trying to remember something he has forgotten.

### A "DANCE OF LITTLE LOVES"

Led by Cupid," by Raphael, is called in the catalogue the gem of the collection. The intensity of expression in the children's eyes is remarkable; it is a vivid look that follows one round the gallery. The young ones have all joined hands, and a little negro is one of the seven, proving that Raphael believed in black love as well as white, or perhaps proving merely that he liked something for the white tones of his cherubs' flesh to be relieved upon. A tipped-over vase is in one corner of the picture, and the substance pouring out of it, which exceedingly resembles a thick skein of yarn, appears on reference to the catalogue, to be honey. Of course all the accessories of the picture are symbols and what have you, but who would have thought honey has been the synonym for sweet-sass time out of mind. Guido Reni's "Slumbered Innocents" is another fascinating picture. The soft, golden curls of three of the children, and the little velvet head of the fourth, are to the life—only they are so very dead, poor little things.

### MERCELLY STABED

And thrown together in a heap, they, the babies that would have liked to live, while the woman crying her useless tears over them was perhaps all ready to die and willing. It is a pathetic picture: "too much so for our peace," as Dickens' Mrs. Skewton remarked of some uncomfortable emotion, and for a contrast of serenity it is good to try the landscapes by Van der Meer and "unknown masters," and the cool sepia sketches in the other room. There "Hector's Parting with Andromache," the drawing for which the artist, John A. Nahl, is one of the most interesting of the figure pieces, and the sepia copies of Claude Lorrain's landscapes are fascinating for delicacy and distance. There is also in this room an engraving of a design for the tomb of a Madame Lang-

has, executed by J. Augustus Nahl, Sr., the sculptor of this remarkable figure.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S FIGURE.

IS pushing its way through a rent wall of rock, and for once there is really an inspiring and inspired look in the face-sculptors' ideals having unusually such a trick of carrying their look of calmness to excess. To a painter, or a wide-eyed, alert, trained art critic, the whole collection must give the exquisitely reasonable pleasure that only the initiated in any subject can know, and the ignorant visitor feels bar-barous and distant, shut out from the best significance of this work of great and sincere men, and somewhat ashamed, too, that the canvases are ludicrous or dismal, the well-filled satchel on the arm, pfefferkuchen in the hand, and the servant with her big basket, betray the source from which all Saxon blessings flow at this particular season of the year. As a matter of course everybody must go to Yahrmarkt. How else could the German housewife replenish her culinary department with earthen jars, pots, pans, wooden implements and scrubbing brushes? How could the mother reward the good child who has been told daily for the last six months: "Be good and you shall buy pfefferkuchen at Yahrmarkt?" Why, the Yahrmarkt in Germany is just as effectual a moral agent as any orthodox families in America, and I am thoroughly convinced that the children prefer pfefferkuchen to questions on "everlasting punishment."

Well, we follow the ruling, passion and go to market. But how changed are the streets of our demure and dignified Dresden. The moderate and well-regulated step, so becoming to people who live in the city where Kings have long dwelt, and where Princes and Counts roam at large, is changed to a skip, skip and jump, as applied to the center of attraction. Among the citizens we readily distinguish representatives from all the neighboring towns, villages and mountain districts. We see clumsy, oblong boxes filled with dried, filled with entire families, from "grossmanns" down to the "entwickled" baby, all in holiday costume, which is quaint but not costly; and these boxes are being along by skinny, bold, long-legged horses. I believe Don Quixote's Rosinante must have originated somewhere in Germany! We meet peasants coming from the market laden with every imaginable article of implement. Now a little old woman, with deeply-turned-out jowls features, trotting side by side with her faithful dog, pulling together the treasures before him, looks to see if you can possibly appreciate the joke, as he says: "Only ten pennigs apiece." If you are unmoved he fairly wrings his long bony hands at your supremely ridiculous stupidity.

In the next alley we come upon the restaurant, all through the week the most buoyant, and a more less advance in reputation was daily chronicled. On Monday \$1.42 was considered an outside rate for December deliveries of \$1.45, with higher rates bid at the close. An all day, all night, all day again in operation, was daily chronicled. On Tuesday \$1.42 was considered an outside rate for December deliveries of \$1.45, with higher rates bid at the close. An all day, all night, all day again in operation, was daily chronicled. On Wednesday \$1.42 was considered an outside rate for December deliveries of \$1.45, with higher rates bid at the close. An all day, all night, all day again in operation, was daily chronicled. On Thursday \$1.42 was considered an outside rate for December deliveries of \$1.45, with higher rates bid at the close. An all day, all night, all day again in operation, was daily chronicled. 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